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JANUARY, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Cities of Tomorrow

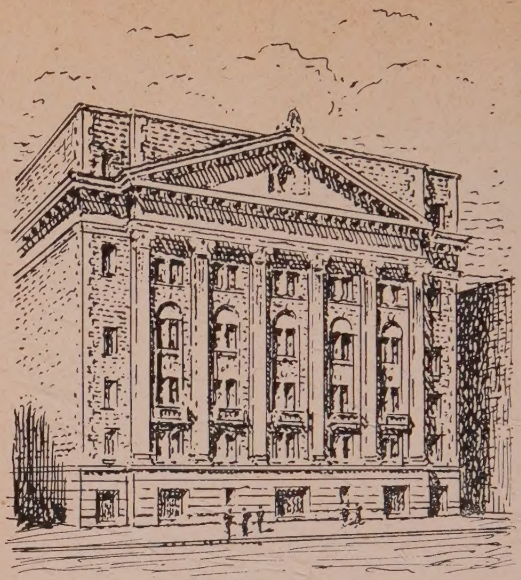
By Lilith Lorraine

The cities of tomorrow
  Shall rise through purer air,
And what their mortal substance
  We neither know nor care—
Nor yearn for simple cottage,
  Proud spires or stately halls;
We only ask that freemen
  Shall sing within their walls.

Great planes may soar the heavens,
  Or birds reclaim the skies;
We only ask that vision
  Shall find its wings and rise.
Wide streets may dim to trailways,
  Or gleam with gold and jade;
We only ask that children
  Shall walk them unafraid.

For this we swear together
  From many lands and creeds,
The cities of tomorrow
  Must serve the spirit's needs.
Their builders wait no trumpet,
  Their sculptor shapes his clay,
With blood and sweat and dreaming
  We lay their stones today.

—*Crossing The Span.*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **January, 1944** *Number 10*

COURAGE! FOR 1944!

Almost every daily newspaper is headlined with the magnificent courage that is being displayed in the operation of war. Men who but yesterday were behind the plow, men who were in laboratories, men who sat at school desks, men who were engaged in the peaceful arts, have been transferred within a few months from the fine type of citizen, meeting the responsibilities and obligations of daily life, into magnificent examples of physical courage. Most men and women are much braver potentially than they themselves know. Most individuals have a capacity for the heroic, a capacity which these days, in many fields and varieties, is being brought into full expression.

We stand at the very beginning of probably the most portentous year of human history. There is one thing that we all share in common as we face this unknown future, and that is the certainty that it will unfold a strange mixture of ever increasing challenge and the cultivation of that quality of mind and soul associated with will and heart, which will give us the fortification which only great courage gives to a human soul.

We are dominated once more, as a people and as individuals, with the overwhelming motif of a better world to be. It is our dream; it is basic in our hopes; it enables us to stand by and see the flower of our nation fly off into the clouds and disappear in the fogs of the sea, or, in the gloomy mists of early morning to march out, cold and dauntless. It is this dominating imperative of a better world yet to be that keeps us really sane—that enables us to withstand the horrible nightmare that it all may end in the worthless sacrifice of heroic men.

And the courage for which I pray is that, in the crushing of tyranny, we shall win more than a military victory over evil personalities; that we shall have the courage, in the daybreak, to prolong this idealism, which now feeds our souls and warms our blood, into courageous action in world associations.

Now that the rich blood of the heart of America has blended with the blood of the world, let America have courage when the day breaks to still retain the same imperative of a world ideal. Let us in that hour have the same kind of courage that our sons and daughters are manifesting in this hour.

PRESTON BRADLEY.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * *

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH—11:00 o'clock—Channing Hall

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—8:00 o'clock sharp—All seats free

BOOKS FOR JANUARY

Jan. 5—"LONG, LONG AGO"....by Alexander Woollcott

Jan. 12—"JOURNEY IN THE DARK"...by Martin Flavin

Jan. 19—"THE AMERICAN"...by James Truslow Adams

Jan. 26—"THE FORGOTTEN ALLY".....
.....by Pierre van Paassen

* * *

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WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

"NEVER GIVE UP"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

NOVEMBER 15, 1943

PROBABLY one of the most fallacious and untenable ideas that people get in this world, as indeed it is one of the most interfering, is the idea that a life without difficulty or trouble is the ideal life; a life that just goes on day after day in a certain even tempo with the sun always shining, with everything about them perfect, with life always being kind and gracious, they think that constitutes successful living.

That simply is not true. I think it is a profound fallacy because my experience has taught me and it is not just theory or idea, but experience, that there are certain refinements and disciplines which always have resulted from trouble, and the people who have never had any trouble, have never known any defeat, have never had a single worry and have felt that life favored them so successfully that they did not have a single thing to worry about, have had all the money they wanted, everything, are some of the most spineless people I have ever known. Some of the mushiest people I have ever known have been people who never had any real, genuine, deep sorrows or problems. You say to me, "Why, Doctor Bradley, are there any such people in the world?" Probably, if you wanted to analyze it to the very basic constituency, we might be able to say there are not any such people in the world, and yet there are people who seem to have been favored by the gods in such a way that they never have had much trouble or difficulty.

I haven't anything to say to the person who is so impervious and sort of "smug" that he reminds me of the purring cat. You know there are people with such an essence of contentment that they purr. They have such a feeling of well being and contentment and are so utterly self-satisfied, that the moment they come near someone who is in a mixup or full of trouble and whose life is all twisted up, with everything upsidedown and everything gone wrong, they haven't any tolerance toward that person at all; they just stand and look, as much as to say, "Well, it is your own fault; you got into that trouble, get out of it! Look at me, I don't have any, I get along all right in the world."

I have in mind this morning to talk to the kind of people I know best; not the successful, self-satisfied type of person. I must tell you a story about that. I had a man and his wife in this Church who sat in a certain seat, and they are here this morning. They came to this Church every Sunday morning for years. You may say, "Well, I am not important to Doctor Bradley with all these hundreds of people in the congregation, he does not see me." O, yes, I do, if you are here, and when I don't see you I miss you. O, if the people only knew when you are as busy as I am and working trying to help people, sometimes seven or eight funerals a week between these Sundays, six or seven weddings, christenings, every day sickness, illness, trouble, if you only knew what you do by your presence and your spirit in this Church to help me, each one of you would say, "I am of some importance after all" because you are. I look into your faces and it just lifts me, and if people only knew what that does to a preacher and to a

man; you are responsible for the work. I could not do it one week if I did not have the encouragement and inspiration of this Sunday morning service. This is my life, and when I look into your faces, you just lift me up.

Well, these two people came to this Church for many, many years, and then all at once I missed them. When I miss people I have not seen for a long time in the mezzanine, main floor, balcony, wherever it is, and they miss one, two, three services, then I try to find out if they are ill, or in trouble. If they are, I always try to find them and help them, but if they are not, I never do any begging, or pleading, because I feel that people ought to go to the Church that feeds their soul; people should go where they get the most help and the most encouragement, and if you come here and stop and don't come and find some other Church or find someone else who helps you, then I never beg for you to come back. I miss you, of course I do, every man does, but I will never do any begging; your own decision is final.

Well, I missed these two people. Sunday came and they were not here. The next Sunday, they were not in the Church. The next week I made some inquiries and found out that they were not ill or having any particular trouble, so that ended the matter, I had nothing else to do about it. And what do you think? For four or five years I never saw them, never saw them at all. I wanted to see them because I liked them, but I did not. Then one Sunday morning as I came into the pulpit, there they sat—after four or five years had gone by. O, how I was lifted up that morning; I preached as I have seldom preached. They looked into my face and I looked into theirs, and I was so glad to see them. Well, after the service is over I stand at those steps there at my right, your left, and I greet people just as long as I can meet them; I sometimes don't get out of this Church until 1:30 and it has even been 2:00 o'clock. I stand and greet radio listeners, out-of-town friends, visitors and friends, and I looked down the line that morning and saw them coming, and I said to myself, "Now, what am I going to do?" I was glad to see them, but I did not want them to know it, and I said to myself, "Don't you fawn on those people, don't put your arms around them"—I was so glad to see them but my Celtic temperament was operating—and when they got up to me the man shook my hand, as did his wife, and he said, "Well, Doctor Bradley, we are back." I said, "Yes, I see you are; I am very happy to see you." He looked at me and said, "O, don't you want to know why we have not been here?" I said, "No"—I was dying to find out. "Don't you want to know why we have not been here?" "No, not at all," I said, "I know you have not been here; that's all right. You are here this morning." "Well," he said, "don't you want to know where we have been?" "Not at all." Well, he looked at me and said, "You are the funniest preacher I ever met in my life." "Well," I said, "you are about one of ten million to say that, I hear it every day of my life." "Furthermore," he said, "I am going to tell you why and where we have been," and I said to myself "Goody-goody" and just looked at him, and said, "Well, of course, that is entirely your affair, not mine." I was having a terrible time with myself. He looked at me and said, "I'll tell you the story. We sat and listened to you preach for many years and you are to blame for our not being here. One Wednesday evening . . . we are not very far from a Christian Science Church . . . we went to the service and it is very close to home, and my wife turned to me and said,

"Why, Doctor Bradley has been talking like this, let's come over here Sunday morning," and he said, "we went and that is where we have been and you are to blame for our doing so, and we have been in the Christian Science Church: now we are back." Well, I did not say anything. He said, "Don't you really want to know why we are back?" I said, "No." "Well," he said, "I will tell you why we have come back to The Peoples Church. We will probably go over to the Christian Science Church once in a while, but we got so tired of being so happy all the time, we wanted a little trouble occasionally; we haven't had any for five years, so we are back in The Peoples Church."

I think I could understand that; I think you can; for the person who has never had any trouble and does not have any and does not have to face trouble in his life, is a person who never is wholly adequate. Now, I am not maintaining that we should go out and seek trouble; the fact of the matter is you don't have to, you will have plenty of it without looking for it, and I don't mean that we should pattern our lives so that we start in the morning and say, "Here is a new day before me; I will tell you what I am going to do, I am going to get into as much trouble as I can today." There are people who seem to do that very thing. I know people who get into such messes and get so involved and so implicated with one thing and another that you would actually think they got up in the morning and drew a plan of the day and focused on seeing how many ways they could get into trouble, with a firstly, secondly, thirdly, etc. "I will get into all the trouble that I can." I know people who seem to have done just that.

Well, now, what are we going to do about trouble? It is axiomatic to observe that nobody can avoid it. I don't know that I would want to live the kind of life that always avoided it. How do you think I could stand by the side of those who have met the great adventure and speak words that will keep people on their feet and encourage them in their deep grief if my own heart had never been broken? What kind of a pastor would I be to stand in the sickroom and watch someone's loved ones suffer mentally, spiritually, physically, if I had never been disciplined by seeing my own loved ones suffer? How could I share life if I had not known the anxiety of money, the anxiety of pain, the anxiety of death, the anxiety of trouble? Why, I would be no good at all. It is only as we can basically comprehend the trouble of another against the background of our own trouble that we are able to help people, and the thing about trouble, therefore, with which I am concerned at the moment this morning is not to avoid it, not to escape it, not to miss it, and certainly not to seek for some sort of Nirvana, a sweet nothing, a sort of a spiritual and mental vacuum; I don't want to live in a vacuum, I don't want to live where every hour and every day of life is not challenging me with my best thought and best deed and best work. If I fail, as I shall and have, and if you fail, as you will and have, what of it? Who is there who has ever even approximated the kind of a person their highest dreams meant them to be? I don't know anyone; but there is one attitude toward trouble and toward these things that I want to emphasize as the key thought and the key idea of the sermon this morning to a troubled world and troubled hearts; to tired, broken, suffering human lives; and that is this, and when I say it I say it all:

We cannot avoid it, it is universal;

nothing to be done about that; but here is what we can do, and here is what I have had to do: instead of permitting any trouble of any kind to work such a havoc in our own inner consciousness that we go to pieces in front of it and let it sweep over us with an element of mastery, let it drive our faces toward the earth, create an abandonment in our own lives, until it wrecks and ruins them, we can always do the first thing necessary in any trouble; we can look at it and analyze it and study it, and then *within our souls, fortified by the gracious inspiration of the undefeatable spirit of God, we can say to every bit of it: "I WILL NOT GIVE UP BECAUSE OF YOU!"* We may not see the answer. I have had many circumstances in my life when I could not possibly see the answer, I could not see the way out. Don't think that the way out is to see the end of the way. Don't think that! In the deepest sorrows and greatest problems, troubles and difficulties of my life I could not see the way out. There were times when I did not know if there were a way out. Don't wait to see clearly the way out with your problems and troubles; you cannot do that. Though we face blackness in front of us and an impregnable wall back of us and our backs are against that wall, and we do not know which way to turn, one attitude we can take, there is one thing we can say all right: "Mr. Trouble, you have brought illness, you have brought financial problems, you have sent me home an unwed mother at fifteen! You have taken that lad of sixteen and you have branded him and he is in jail tonight! Mr. Trouble, you have taken the little bit that I had put by for that day when the sky rained trouble and I have lost it. All right, Mr. Trouble, I am suffering all right, you have done plenty, *BUT I WILL NOT GIVE UP; YOU HAVE NOT DONE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME GIVE UP! YOU HAVE DONE THE BEST YOU COULD DO, WHICH IS THE WORST; YOU HAVE DONE EVERYTHING, BUT THERE IS ONE THING YOU HAVE NOT DONE!* Trouble, as long as my heart is beating, as long as I am breathing, *I WILL NEVER GIVE UP. YOU ARE NOT DEALING WITH A PIGMY, MR. TROUBLE, YOU ARE NOT DEALING WITH A WEAKLING, NOR WITH A COWARD, YOU ARE NOT DEALING WITH ONE WHO IS AFRAID OF LIFE; I am not afraid of you or of life; AND SO, MR. TROUBLE, YOU AND I HAVE NOT YET COME TO TERMS!* You think we have, you think you have won, you think I am beaten, you have not given me any pain yet; I can suffer more pain than you have ever given me! You have not brought me any sorrow yet, I have unshed tears in my soul yet. Don't you think for a moment, Trouble, that you have met all of the enemy, for you have not! There is a part of me yet in the battle; there is a part of me yet that you have never seen, there is a part of me that says, 'Don't give up, don't give up,' and I will not give up!" The moment you say that, the victory begins.

Happiness

By Tessa Sweazy Webb

HAPPINESS is a mysterious thing
Where love and pleasures are intertwined;
It matters not what the fates may bring,
Happiness is but a state of mind.

WALTER H. HERMSDORF

SINCE our church opened last September for its church year, we have lost through death some of our most faithful workers and friends. And now once again the whole church grieves at the passing of our beloved President, Walter H. Hermsdorf, who died the day after Christmas. For many years Mr. Hermsdorf has been the efficient and loyal President of the Board of Trustees of the church.

Like so many other men engaged in business, the burden was placed upon his shoulders for changing his manufacturing plant from a peacetime operation to a wartime program. During this period of several months it was not unusual for him to work eighteen hours a day. There were many problems and many difficulties which he had to solve; not only of administration, but also using his inventive genius for the purpose of changing machines in order to meet the requirements of the government for the war work which those machines were to do. There is no doubt but what this increased activity and responsibility lowered his physical resistance and finally made him as much a war casualty as one who died on a battle field. Through it all he never neglected his work in the church.

Walter Hermsdorf was truly a self-made man. He left school early to go to work and later was able to enter Northwestern University by making up the necessary credits within an unprecedentedly short time. He became identified with the business in which he was engaged at his death at the age of twenty-one. He gave it the best years of his life.

He and his family united with the church about twenty years ago and they endeared themselves to every friend and member. Mrs. Hermsdorf became President of the Woman's Club, the Ninth District Federation of Woman's Clubs and the Chicago and Cook County Federation of Woman's Clubs, while the daughter, Ruthanne Bassler, has been active in the church school and the Woman's Club for many years.

Mr. Hermsdorf possessed unusual ability as an administrator and executive, and handled expertly the financial problems of the congregation. He and our pastor became close and intimate friends, making one six-weeks' trip together to Russia and Europe. The family were also frequent summer visitors to our pastor's summer home, "Arden Lodge," at Lake Vermilion.

Mr. Hermsdorf was a man who met every responsibility of life. He faced the responsibility of business, of friendship and of his home, with honor and distinction. His passing has left a vacant place in our church life which can never be filled. Dr. Bradley was with him Christmas afternoon at St. Francis Hospital, when he realized that the brave battle which he had made for life would be a losing one. Throughout his illness there was never a word of complaint. He was hopeful and buoyant until the very end.

The funeral service was held in the church on Wednesday afternoon, December 29th, at 2:00 o'clock, where hundreds of his friends gathered at the rites. The church was blanketed in flowers, every one of which was a symbol of the love and affection in which he was held. Besides his wife, Mr. Hermsdorf leaves a daughter, Ruthanne Bassler, and a son, Walter H. Hermsdorf, Jr.

Every member and friend of our

church extends to them in this, their great hour of loss, sentiments of appreciation for his work and service, for the nobility and fineness of his character, and the inspiration which he always gave.

We know that good men never die, and that the old Welsh proverb is true, that "No one has ever gone as long as he is remembered." He will be remembered by us all as long as life lasts!

SUCCESS

THERE comes a time in each individual's life when the right word, at the right time, by the right person means a lot. Of course people of great genius, to whom nature has been very generous, want little of such encouragement. They are sufficient unto themselves. If they preserve their gifts inviolate and use them according to the measure of their endowment, they have their sure satisfaction. If they abuse and waste the generosity shown them, their portion is shame, but we can do little about it. Our words of praise or blame hardly reach them. It is the ordinary mortal at sea in a stormy age with whom I am concerned. I address myself to the average man in danger of living content within the borders of mediocrity, or satisfied with the cheap trivialities of the transient.

When disappointment must be a part of our lot, it is easy for us to sink back into a lethargy and, heaving a sigh, simply say, "Oh, well, what's the use?" On the other hand, I know many people who always have ready the last ounce of strength, and the gleam of a persistent life breaks through the dullness of routine. They are constantly alert for every opportunity which will assist them in living life more adequately and with a deeper gratification.

Again, we see around us many people who are unwilling to keep up the struggle, and they take recourse in the brutal artificialities and sometimes attempt to drown their regrets in dissipation. There is no more tragic sight than human beings floundering helplessly in the billows of modern life, putting in at this false port of pleasure and then trying another one, lacking chart and pilot, and hoping desperately that some fortunate wind will blow them into some haven of real safety. Little do they seem to realize that these secure havens can be gained only by directed, motivated thought and action. These are the folk who have been deluded into thinking that life is meant to be easy. When they find it otherwise, they give in supinely, rather than put up the fight which all of us must make for what we believe is best.

When was life ever meant to be easy? The whole history of civilization is but the history of struggle. Every great personality who has ever plowed his way into human history for the benefit of the human race, has had to fight his way in through resistance and opposition and criticism. Every great advance which man has ever made in the history of the race has been made in the presence of those who said "It can't be done." Every great idea which has ever been of value to humankind has had to struggle long and persistently

for acceptance. Man has never willingly, voluntarily and graciously accepted that which was good for him. It is the record of history; the record of all progress, the record of all business; and except for the type of individual who will not be deflected from his idea or ideal, but who will keep persistently hammering away, there would not be found a person who had made a contribution. A successful person is not a person who has arrived, but the one who is arriving. Success consists in the discovery of what is preventing you from being the kind of a person you want to be and then fighting that thing; discovering what is holding us back; what is keeping us from being that which we dream of becoming, and declaring war on that interference.

It seems to me that if this were to be applied to the whole area of life, many of our problems, big and little, local and national, could be overcome. Instead of so much complaint and criticism and attempting to place the blame and locate the responsibility on others or on some external condition, if we would all roll up our sleeves, and say to this thing: "We propose to eliminate you here and now," we might find, in a few months, conditions much different than they are. Happiness and success can only come from making of ourselves something which is nearer and nearer our ideals.

Personality is the sum of everything which comes from our experience; everything which touches the sensitive plate of our consciousness becomes the very fabric of our being, for "thoughts are things." The ideas which dominate us, create us. If they are few and poor, if we deny life and exist with dull minds and flabby spirits the personality will be starved. Only by staying alert, with an interest in what is about us and a keen sense of the importance of self-improvement, can we really be said to live. The task which this sets before us is no small one. Indeed, it is scarcely to be fully realized by the best of men in a lifetime of arduous striving for more self-perfection, but the goal is all the more worthy because it is so far off. Remember that a pumpkin can be grown in the garden in a few months, a mushroom will spring up almost overnight, but nature takes a century to make the sweep and dignity and impressiveness of an oak.

Life is growth and development. That is the reason why a worthy ideal should always be set before us. Pitching life high is just another way of saying that you can never come into the full glory of yourself until you choose to dwell with the best you know, striving all the time to replace each goal with a more distant one, as you draw near to the nearer objective. Small indeed is the chance of attaining this if we permit ourselves to be poisoned by negative emotions of fear and worry and hate, and cynicism and criticism. These are really by-products of some previous defeat. Stout-hearted, full of eagerness for the fray, filled with the zest of existence, with clear minds, healthy bodies, poised and free spirits, let us greet the unseen with a cheer.

P. B.

Wisdom

TURN the experience of yesterday to practical account of today. Avoid mechanical routine. Cultivate keen observation. Be wide-awake to new ideas and suggestions.

—Grenville Kleiser.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE New Year beckons and we are all in The Land of Beginning Again. It is a time of resolutions and more than one reader has made certain resolutions for the year which is ahead. It is very well to make resolutions, but none of our resolutions will be of any importance unless we possess resolution. And we cannot have resolution as we face the year ahead, without courage.

Life has never been placid and never will be. Life is like a ship which puts down its anchors against the gale, with the unseen currents dragging it toward the rocks. All is well as long as the anchors hold, but when one gives way, then hope begins to desert. Mustering our courage we put down another anchor somewhere else and again the ship drifts. Then, when we think we have the ship anchored fast, an unseen current presses against the bow of the boat, and the anxiety begins all over again. We thought we had turned toward the open sea where all would be safe, but we did not know that deeper, hidden, treacherous currents crossed our course. Our ship of life and our ship of state now face those currents, and our hope, as we enter this New Year is in the mariner and in the anchors, one of which I think is friendship.

When the tempests roar about us and the sky darkens and the anchor you relied on begins to drag, and the heart you felt was as dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar gives way, no moment calls for greater courage. Some of the most disillusioned people I have met are those who have said "my friends have failed me and with them has gone my courage." So long as friends were loyal and true and tried, they could meet the beatings of life heroically and confidently, but when the anchor of friendship let go, then courage fled. Many anchored to hopes and dreams for loved ones: some fine lad or some beautiful daughter; someone for whom life gave great promise, and the anchor of faith was fast in ambitions for them, and to them was given love, devotion, everything, and their victories and achievements in life have meant more to us than anything else.

Another one of those anchors is the home. No matter what happened to

business or profession in the conflict of life, there was always the home to go to at eventide, where one could shut out the world of strife and contention and shut in a world of love and inspiration. Well, if the anchor drags—courage! When the tide turns—courage! When the storm breaks—courage! On the threshold of a New Year—courage!

Never compromise with life; never compromise with the task ahead, no matter how difficult. Hold hard to your standards of excellence, and though you may drain the very dregs of sacrifice, keep faith with the best! Some of the most beautiful personalities I have ever known have been those of men and women who have refused to let adversity destroy them. Instead they maintained self-respect, fineness and nobility; have kept the sweet graciousness of gentility and practiced the amenities of life. Poverty may have been their lot and anxiety their constant companion, but the dignity with which they surmounted trouble was in itself a triumph.

This is a good hour to cast aside the past, whatever that past has been. Do not let it tyrannize over you. Let the mistakes and the shortcomings and the failures of yesteryear bury themselves. They do not belong to you; they need not control you; they need not have power over you. It is not what a person *has* been, but it is what they have *become* that really matters.

Let this be a New Year in all that it implies. There is much work ahead to be done. There are more sacrifices to be made. Our nation needs us in this hour to help maintain for the nation and the world every beautiful thing in which we believe. There is an individual preparedness which we all can make and must make.

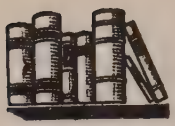
"I will start anew this morning with
a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of
my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my
duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and
my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for
the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that
elude the grumbler's gaze.
I will try to find contentment in the
paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when
another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my
rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive
to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread be-
fore me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and
be more concerned with mine."

(Poem "A New Start" from Quotable Poems, Vol. I, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.



BOOK CHATS

WE HAVE been having some unusually fine audiences for the Wednesday evening book reviews this fall and I am deeply appreciative of the interest which people take in these Wednesday nights. You will find the selections for the Book Reviews in January on page 2 of this issue of The Liberalist. Won't you call the list to the attention of your friends, so that they may not miss their favorite book?

The beginning of a new year is a good time to make an appraisal of our reading in general. I cannot recall ever learning to read, but I do remember the first book which I ever had in my library. It was a small book, bound in white and gold covers, and it is still in my library. It was called "Phillips Brooks' Addresses." All through these years books have been a part of my life. When I picked up a little book of Burton Rascoe's, with the attractive title "The Joys of Reading," I found it reflected so many of my own reactions and ideas about books that I am always glad to pass it on to others. The author, Burton Rascoe, formerly lived among us here in Chicago, and was one of our foremost literary critics. Probably he is best known because of his great book "The Titans of Literature," another book which everyone who enjoys good literature should know. Burton Rascoe says the purpose of his book "The Joys of Reading," is to assist those who, because of one thing and another, have not acquired the most pleasurable and satisfying of all habits, the habit of reading, and who are, justifiably, envious of those whose quality of mind reflects the cultivation that comes from a persistant and continuing indulgence in the joys of reading; and also to give some useful, if perhaps commonplace, suggestions as to how one can get the most pleasure and the most benefit out of reading. And the purpose finally is also to help those who profess that they love to read, but rarely find time for it. As a general rule it will be found that those who lead the busiest lives find the most time to read, whereas those who read the least also have little else except trifling things to occupy their minds and energies. Some of the most widely read people in our history have been statesmen, builders, explorers, leaders of men, and yet great readers. Thomas Jefferson—and few men ever lived busier lives or fought more tirelessly for the principles of freedom—was self-taught in Greek and Latin and became a great scholar, and when the original Congressional Library burned to the ground, Congress purchased his library of 10,000 volumes as the nucleus of the present great Library of Congress.

This book "The Joys of Reading" is one of the most comprehensive and adequate discussions of books I know of in print, and it also contains, on page 121, a list of what the author considers the 100 best books which not to know is to remain unfamiliar with the greatest books of all time. To normal, active men and women in whatever kind of work they may be engaged, or whatever may be their duties and social responsibilities, the reading of books should be as natural and inevitable a function as eating, drinking, bathing, taking exercises or sleeping. In a civilized world it might even be said that

a man or woman who fails to do a fair amount of purposeful and recreational reading each week or even each day is not living a normal and healthy life, for health of mind is maintained by an exercise as necessary as the exercise necessary to maintain bodily health. To all cultivated persons the joy of reading is so natural and necessary a function of their daily living, that they suffer as acutely by being deprived of the kind of literature they are accustomed to read as they would suffer from being long deprived of nourishing food, for good books are not merely the luxuries of life, they are the sustenance of life. Wisely chosen, properly used, like the food they are, they enrich life and enhance all the values known to life. Over the entrance of the beautiful mosaic staircase in the Chicago Public Library, is engraved this imperishable truth, spoken by John Milton: "Many a man lives a burden to earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

* * *

I have had many requests for a review of a book of poems. There is a volume of the most interesting poems I have read in this present year, in which I have a deep feeling of pride as well, for the poet lives in the Metropolitan area of Chicago, in Oak Park, and the publisher is a well-known Chicagoan—Ralph Fletcher Seymour, who has published so many beautiful books. The author is Elsie Melchert Fowler, and she has entitled her book of poems "For His Return." No anthology of poems written against the sounding board of this world's present agony will be complete unless it contains Elsie Melchert Fowler's "For His Return." When I read this poem over the radio I had more requests for a copy than for any poem I have ever read in twenty years of broadcasting. Her poetry reveals no evidence of straining after words, or deliberate effort for effects. It is music and always great music. In every poem is a deep and melodious note of understanding. Mrs. Fowler has something to say and knows how to say it in that most difficult of mediums, poetry. Truth, beauty and skill are always requisites of great poetry, and Mrs. Fowler possesses this trinity. I have always thought that poems, in order to receive the full impact of their beauty, should be read aloud. One of the tests of poetry is how it endures being read aloud. There isn't a poem in this book which fails to meet that test.

Mr. Charles Collins, who conducts "A Line O' Type or Two," in the Chicago Tribune, has said of her poems, "They have pleased magazine editors, captivated newspaper columnists, and won prizes in important contests so often that her reputation may be considered as well established. It is time, therefore, to see a collection of her graceful, skillful and sensitive verses in book form. Her work answers the test of the true poet. Much of it has the singing mood. For a sample of her quality try 'In Kensington Gardens,' a wartime poem that is among my favorites." In a slightly different mood, but a poem with deep implications, she calls "Small Farmer's Wife." And then there's a Christmas poem which I like which Mrs. Fowler has entitled "May It Be Like This." Here is one she calls "At Seventy":

"The calendar confirmed old age,
My mirror too, betrayed the date,
My soul said, 'For the gayer things
Of life, you are too late.'
And then a child, quite unconfined
By Time, called—'Come and play!'
I tore the calendar to bits . . . .
While years and reason rolled away."

* * *

Last year I reviewed a book by Francis J. Spellman, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, entitled "The Road to Freedom." In the discussion in that book the Archbishop presented ideas and interpretations which commanded universal respect in all religions and races. He has now written a book called "Action This Day." This book is a series of letters, written to his father, in simple narrative form, telling of the places he visited in a trip which he made as the military vicker of the men and women in the service who are members of the Roman Catholic Church. In February, 1943, Archbishop Spellman left New York on this visitation, one of the most hazardous and dangerous yet undertaken by a civilian in this war. His journey took him to the Mediterranean battle grounds, to the capitals of war-torn Europe, to the neutral nations of the East. He rode in planes, automobiles, peeps and jeeps. He visited and talked with American officers and men in cities, villages unknown to us a short time ago, but which will be talked about for generations as the places where our men have sweated out a portion of their lives in the war effort. Archbishop Spellman talked with the religious, military and governmental leaders of all the countries he visited. In the Vatican City he spent many hours with the Pope. In London, he met in conference Winston Churchill. It was Mr. Churchill who handed the Archbishop one of the little cards on his desk that bore these three words which are the motto of Churchill—"Action This Day." These words the Archbishop chose as the title of his new book. In his book he has given us a comprehensive, brilliant and highly descriptive record of his most interesting trip. He says that he had no idea of writing about his six months' trip—that he merely followed a custom begun in boyhood, when he was away from home, of writing letters.

The book opens with an interesting letter in which he tells his father about his interview with the President of the United States and the background of his journey. The letters are unusually interesting from a literary point of view, for while they review the close association between a father and a son, they are written with literary distinction. I found them exceedingly fascinating and informative, and it would be regretted if any Protestant should permit any prejudice of any sort to stand in the way of his reading this delightful book. The entire proceeds from the book go to the welfare of the soldiers and sailors of all races and religions who visit the cathedral canteen in New York City. The desire of Archbishop Spellman that the boys of all races and all religions should benefit from any sale of the book is indicative of his own tolerant and constructive attitude.

The last four paragraphs of the last letter could be read with profit and inspiration and encouragement by every American of every race, creed and faith. These four paragraphs all begin with the sentence "I believe in America." This is the third paragraph:

"I believe in America; not because of the tremendous resources of her fields and mountains, rivers and lakes, valleys and plains, but rather because America has been and must ever continue to be under God the beacon of liberty, the hope of the oppressed, the refuge of the weak, the pledge and the proof that humanity can live in mutual respect, based on the law of God, voiced through the conscience of man, and in mutual esteem based on the responsibility of democratic life. In this America I believe, for this America I live, for this America I and millions of others stand ready to die."

There isn't a man or woman of any race, creed or color in the United States of America who could not accept this statement of confidence and belief in our nation.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

BY THE time you read this article, we will all have written several pages in the New Year, but while I am writing it, busy preparations for Christmas are still under way. Our Mail Bag is so crowded with kind messages and interesting letters from home and abroad, that I want to share them with you as much as possible, so I will give our allotted space to the letters instead of chatting with you as I usually do.

I open the Mail Bag at once and give you a fine heartening letter signed Bill Berglund, one of our Honor Roll boys. The letter is headed "Somewhere in the Aleutians": "Dear Dr. Bradley: My sincere thanks and appreciation for your good and welcome letter just received. You can be sure that it contained a world of good for me and I know that kind thoughts are directed my way. Your good work and your prayers, I am sure will pay dividends in the hopeful future, and I look forward to that glorious day when we will all be united again.

"Sorry that I cannot give you anything of interest from this side of the world, Dr. Bradley, and believe me it does make corresponding a bit difficult. Thanks again for your kind letter and may I again offer my appreciation for the 'Dial' and 'Liberalist' that have come to me regularly. They are like letters from home.

"My kindest regards to Mrs. Bradley and to all of my good friends in The Peoples Church. May you all have a Merry Christmas and a pleasant New Year, and may the coming year bless you with continued health and success in your good work."

* * *

Another one of our Honor Roll boys, Sgt. James W. Buchanan, sent a V-mail Christmas card from Iceland, and many, many cards came from east and west—of course many more than we have room for in the Mail Bag.

* * *

Corp. Harold R. Kjellander wrote from "Somewhere in the Aleutians" and his letter is written on most interesting paper (possibly given him by a Japanese prisoner). The paper is of an unusual quality, with Japanese characters at the top and printed in a form which suggests it might be the type used by the Japanese soldiers. His letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Thought it would delight you to know that I received your letter of the 8th of October,—your Christmas letter to 'us' overseas. As all letters from 'home' it was given a most hearty welcome. Thanks very much. It's good to read

and be assured that we 'here' on what is known as 'the forgotten front' are really not forgotten by our friends and loved ones.

"Thanks too, for the prayers offered for my buddies and myself. With the help of God we hope for Victory and Peace in '44."

* * *

I am giving you the letters from "our boys" first, as perhaps those will be of the greatest interest to all. Here is an appreciative note from Pvt. J. Leslie Oberg, from Camp Adair, Oregon:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Writing to let you know that I received your letter and your very fine and interesting soldier's pocket edition of 'My Daily Strength.' Sure will use and cherish it as long as I live. Thank you very much.

"I will be so glad to be back when this war is over, and to make you one of the first to visit.

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May God bless you—till we meet again."

* * *

The next letter which we pick out of the Mail Bag, though it is but a few lines on a small sheet of paper, and though the writer cannot tell us much of what he is doing, carries a wealth of atmosphere in those few lines, in the way that four short lines of poetry sometimes paint a vast canvas. The letter comes through the New York Postmaster, but is from far-away Persia:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: We are somewhere in Iran, where the country is forgotten and so miserable man can hardly endure its natural features. But we are doing our share for our country's cause and because of the love for what we believe is right. The dust storms are so fierce they often shake the courage of the strongest man; but we are determined to carry on. I get your sermons each month and enjoy them; then I pass them on to others. They are helpful to me and all my friends, so I want to thank you for your great help."

* * *

And now we will let the "home folks" speak to you. Dorene Tanner Oehler, of Wilmington, Illinois, sent in a lovely sonnet. Her poems have been published she says in many magazines and newspapers, and we asked her permission to use this sonnet in our Mail Bag column. In answer she said:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Your letter came at the end of a busy, trying and somewhat discouraging week. It was a delightful surprise and seemed magically to dissolve the cares and disappointments of the week. That you liked the sonnet makes me very happy, and nothing would make me happier than to have you use it. After all, it is YOURS; you furnished both the theme and inspiration. Mrs. Bradley, too, has not only my permission to publish it in her column of your church paper, but my sincere thanks for wishing to do so.

"Wishing you both the joys and blessings of the Christmas season."

TO-DAY

by Dorene Tanner Oehler

To-day I shall set tranquilly about
  My tasks; I shall not hasten lest I miss
Some shining joy, or through impatience rout
  A kindly impulse, born for someone's bliss.
To-day I shall speak softly; I shall bar
  All malice from my thought and from my speech;
Let no discordant note Life's music mar;
  (Some bit of song be mine to learn —to teach!)

To-day I shall walk humbly; I shall stay
My steps to match more slowly moving feet,
Stoop down and lift a stone from out the way,
Or plant a flow'r to waft its fragrance sweet.
To-morrow's trav'ler then perchance may see
Red roses where a thistle used to be.

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always interested in receiving letters like the following from visitors from other cities who honor the Peoples Church with a visit when passing through Chicago.

"The Blackstone,
Dec. 19, 1943.

"My dear Dr. Preston:—It was my very great privilege to attend this morning the beautiful service of the Peoples Church.

"May I not express to you my very heartfelt appreciation of the moving and eloquent sermon which you preached. The Peoples Church, under your inspired guidance and leadership, is rendering an inestimable service to the cause of human brotherhood.

"With my very best wishes for your continued ministry of good will to all men, believe me to be

Cordially yours,
Nathan H. Seidman, Pres.,
Temple Isaiah of Kew Gardens, N. Y. City."

* * *

The next letter we take from our Mail Bag is an exceptionally fine one, though brief, from a member of "The Order of Bookfellows," Mr. Roy E. Hawkinson. I think you would be interested in it:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I want you to know that as far as I am personally concerned, you preached the finest and most important sermon yesterday morning that I have ever heard, from you or anyone else. Did I not hear another such talk during the rest of my lifetime, it should make no difference as this one was sufficient.

"Dr. Bradley, I understood you perfectly, and the responsibility of my attitude and actions throughout the future is entirely my own.

"With sincere thanks for your great inspiration, I remain, Respectfully yours." (The sermon Mr. Hawkinson refers to was the one entitled "Who Are These Christians?")

* * *

With this lovely letter from Margaret T. Conway ("recently retired blind state teacher of adult blind, after 28 years of service") we will close our Mail Bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Permit me to thank you for the splendid tribute you gave to active blind people of the U. S. A. for the work they are doing in war plants and other projects to help bring about peace and justice to all.

"We like the public to know that the blind are happiest when they are active and earning a living. Respectfully yours." Then she adds as a postscript, "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

* * *

These days every heart is heavy, if not with a personal sorrow, at least in sympathy with those whose homes are saddened by loss. The holidays may not have been merry, but I hope they have been pleasant for each one of you, and I earnestly pray that the year stretching ahead may lead into Victory and Peace.

And so, write to us in this new year, won't you?

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Instead of looking back and dreaming and talking about the past, turn your face toward the future. Great and glorious and wonderful the past may have been, but I have a great confidence that God created humanity for a special and specific objective—to develop a world and a civilization where every human personality would have the opportunity of freedom, beauty, goodness and truth—of music, art, education, religion—of all that makes life a significant thing.

God still stands beyond the shadows of human history! Man still has a potentiality for goodness, greatness, honor, courage, love, righteousness!

Oh Eternal Spirit of all time, the past, the present and the future, help us to cast our cares upon Thee and to find that "Thy yoke is easy, Thy burden is light." And though we find this Truth sometimes through tears and sometimes through a mighty blow that would send us to the depths of despair but for the knowledge of thine everlasting arms, may we know that sometimes to lose all is to find Thee —to cleanse our lives and forever after find life more buoyant and more beautiful.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

November 15th to December 15th

NOVEMBER

15—Address. Rotary Club, Toledo Ohio.
Radio Address. WGN. By transcription.

16—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. P. T. A. O'Keefe School.

17—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Review. Peoples Church.
Board Meeting Trustees and Faculty.

18—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. P. T. A. Chappell School.

19—Cutting record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Temple Isaiah Israel.

21—Two services. Peoples Church.
Address. Woodlawn A. M. E. Church.

22—Radio Address. WGN. By transcription.
Address. Ad-Sell League Dinner. Fontanelle Hotel. Omaha, Nebraska.

23—Radio Address. WGN.

24—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

25—Thanksgiving Service, Peoples Church.
Special Thanksgiving Radio Broadcast. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.

26—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Young People's Club. Peoples Church.

28—Two Services. Peoples Church.
21—Conference. Chicago Juvenile Committee.
Radio Address. WGN.
30—Radio Address. WGN.

DECEMBER

1—Meeting. Chicago Inter-Racial Committee.
Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Opened Bazaar. Channing Hall.
2—Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance Bazaar.
3—Address. Martha Washington Home for Crippled Children.
Cutting record.
Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance Bazaar.
4—Conference. Youth Center.
5—Two Services. Peoples Church.
6—Radio Address. Transcription.
Memorial Address. High School Auditorium. Benton Harbor, Michigan.
7—Radio Address. WGN.
Memorial Address.
Clearing Woman's Club.
8—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture.
Peoples Church.
9—Meeting. Chicago Inter-Racial Committee.
Conference. Youth Center.
Radio Address.
10—Radio Address. WGN.
12—Two Services.
Peoples Church.
13—Address. Assn. of Commerce Luncheon, South Bend, Ind.
Radio Address.
14—Radio Address.
Address. Sportsman's Club Dinner. Hotel Lasalle.

Christenings

NOVEMBER

20—Kathleen Ellen Binnie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Binnie
21—Judyth Carolyn Lippmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hellmut Lippmann
Daniel James Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Nelson
Lynn Rae Mackin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackin
Kurt Norman Ohlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ohlin
28—Mr. Harold G. Henderson
Mrs. Harold G. Henderson
Arlene Alice Ciancio, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ciancio

DECEMBER

12—James Maurice Paulson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Paulson

Weddings

NOVEMBER

19—Dale Ritchie Nelson and Jewell Louise Reimer
John Searight and Mildred Andre
George Roos and Alice Louise Stowell
21—Joseph A. Rekuss and Susan Mitchell
23—W. P. Warner and Margaret Telegdy
24—Michael C. Heidinger and Cleo Mitchell
27—Rex L. Munger and Frances Matuszewski
Charles W. Larson and Geneva Kragh
30—Delmar E. Burr and Joyce E. Zerbel

DECEMBER

1—George M. Parelius and Caroline Canadeo
7—Charles Wesley Dees and Doris F. DeZanek

Funerals

NOVEMBER

16—Roger Linn
Mrs. Grace E. Hoag
17—Mrs. Lee Bacon
18—Mrs. Grace B. Moore
19—Mrs. Annie B. Pettit
Julius Mintz
20—Mary Ellen Black
23—Mrs. Wm. R. Paige
26—Fred Masten

DECEMBER

1—Mrs. Dorothy Stromberg
3—Mrs. Lillian Meloan
7—W. G. Frambers
11—Mary T. Novak
Arndt Olsen

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church on Sunday, November 7th, 1943

Mrs. Anna E. Bruder
Mrs. C. S. Burton
Mrs. Adelaide B. Carney
Miss Irene M. Felch
Miss Ruth Fors
Mrs. Lillian Spencer LaPointe
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McDowell
Miss Judith M. Peterson
Miss Alice L. Peterson
Mrs. Ida Marie Peterson
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald J. Phillips
Mrs. Effie R. Redman
Miss Ramona Royston
Mr. Bruce W. Vespermann
Mr. Gerd Wegner, U. S. N.
Mrs. Helen G. West (from 1st Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, Minn.)
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiberg
Mrs. Mary Ellen Wilson
Mr. Robert M. Dwinell
Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Henderson
Mrs. Estelle F. Jensen
Miss Ada F. Stephenson
Mrs. Erl E. Clark

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

EMIL LUDWIG

To Speak At The Peoples Church Sunday Night, January 16th, 1944
7:30 p.m.

Great Biographer and Novelist to Speak on

"HOW TO TREAT THE GERMANS AFTER DEFEAT"

His biographies include: Goethe—Son of Man—Napoleon—Bolivar—Lincoln—Roosevelt—Cleopatra—Bismarck—William II—Hindenburg—Schliemann—Gifts of Life—Three Portraits—Genius and Character—Nine Etched from Life—Stalin.

Also: Diana, novel—Quartet, novel—July '14 Talks With Masaryk—Talks with Mussolini—Bismarck, a play—Versailles, a play—The Germans—The Nile—The Mediterranean.

Mark your calendar now. Do not miss this event.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS
CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

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SCHEDULE FOR JANUARY

Monday and Wednesday evenings.....“PORT OF CHICAGO”
By Herma Clark and Alice Gerstenberg

Friday and Saturday evenings....“SHADOWS FALL EARLY”
By John Graham

Saturday, January 1st.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Monday, January 3rd.....“Port of Chicago”
Wednesday, January 5th.....“Port of Chicago”
Friday, January 7th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Saturday, January 8th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Monday, January 10th.....“Port of Chicago”
Wednesday, January 12th.....“Port of Chicago”
Friday, January 14th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Saturday, January 15th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Monday, January 17th.....“Port of Chicago”
Wednesday, January 19th.....“Port of Chicago”
Friday, January 21st.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Saturday, January 22nd.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Monday, January 24th.....“Port of Chicago”
Wednesday, January 26th.....“Port of Chicago”
Friday, January 28th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Saturday, January 29th.....“Shadows Fall Early”
Monday, January 31st.....“Port of Chicago”

February Production . . “ONE FLIGHT DOWN”
By Eric Stroom and Arthur Hammerstein

Curtain 8:30 **Tickets 55c**

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick

Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post

Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
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Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
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Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
Robert Osterberg

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—Not Broadcast..... 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Sunday morning ..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY BROADCASTS, Every night, Monday through Friday, WGN..... 6:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Jan. 10th. Mid-Season Tea. Edgewater Beach Hotel..... 1:00 o'clock
Jean Van Shick, Concert Pianist and Coloratura Soprano, and J. Bradley-Griffin, Dramatic Recitalist.

Monday, Jan. 24th, Channing Hall. Art Day, Mrs. William Voss, Chrmn. Speaker, Paul G. Dallwig. "Parade of the Races in Bronze."..... 1:00 o'clock

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Jan. 10th, Channing Hall..... 8:00 o'clock
Fiesta Night. Neppie Melton, coloratura soprano, and Mary Ellen Brooks, soprano.

Mon., Jan. 24th. Fellowship Night. Dorothy Young, Hostess.

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Channing Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every second Thursday night of each month 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—First and third Tuesday of each month ..... 8:00 o'clock

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. See special schedule page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

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